

THE CHARACTER

OF

A Modern Sham-Plotter.

HE is the Common Enemy of Honest Mankind : so pregnant with Venom, that his very sight (like a *Basilisk*) kills. A *Wretch* so Pestilent, that if (by *Diabolical* Insinuation) he can fasten a moments privacy upon an *Innocent* man, he never leaves *Swearing*, till he has got him *Hang'd, Drawn, and Quarter'd*. A right Son of *Belial*; of the Progeny of *Judas*; Midwif'd by the *Meal-Tub-Hag*; Tutor'd by Old *Nick*, or by his Vicegerent, the *Triple-Crown'd-Monster*; and taught Practicks by the Malignant Brats of *Ignatius*.

A Beggarly *Rascal*, that lives by the *Price of Blood*; the very *Incendiary* of Nations, and the *Compendium* or *Epitome* of all Villany.

Damming, Sinking, Whoring, Roaring, Drunkenness, &c. are his private Recreations, and *Devotion*. His study is the destruction of Innocents, how to frame his damnable Projects (not in a *Mathematical*,) but in a *Diabolical Symmetry*. He Disgorges *Oaths* with greater ease than he Spues out the superfluity of his Intemperate Debauches.

He cannot want *Invention*, for the *Father of Lies* sets him his Copy; the *Locusts* of the Bottomless *Pit* guide his hand; and the *Jesuits* teach him to Con his Lesson.

His Forehead is so brazen'd with Impudence, that he Blasphemes the *Divinity* in the Face of the Sun; makes the Law *Pimp* to his wide-mouth'd Perjuries: and Sacrifices Lives with less Compassion than *Cannibals* eat Christians.

He is an active *Species* of *Vermine*, that works under Ground, laying his Mines close, to blow up Lives and Estates; but if once detected, *Proteus* cannot shift himself into such a variety of shapes as this *Varlet* (this *Rogue* in *Grain*) has Methods to Sham his Plots, upon such whose Ruin he has before contriv'd.

His *Dexterity* in Malice cannot be parallel'd, but by his Master the *Devil*, to whom there is nothing on Earth more like. The *Sham-Plotters* of old were *Dunces* to him: Silly Fools, dull at Contrivance, with one String to their Bow, and one Arrow in their Quiver, which (once missing the Mark) by the discovery of the Ambuscade, or the unskilfulness of the Archer, the Stratagem expir'd without a Resurrection; but this Modern Graduate in *Belzebubs* School, can either Sham off the Old, or Conceive, Form, and bring forth, a New Plot, in as little time as he can Belch out an Oath, [affronting
that

that ineffable Majesty, whose tremendous Name he never uses but in that Dialect of horrible Volleys of God-dam-me's, yet expects to be believed as if he made Conscience of Swearing in his more Solemn and (therefore more) Abominable Perjuries.]

He Haunts the Apartments of *Grandees* and *Magistrates*, like an Evil Spirit. The leading men of the State he labours to seduce and frighten with Apparitions of horrid, *Phanatick*, *Presbyterian* Plots, (the *Embrio's* indeed, and Production of *Jesuitical Brains*.) The Burden of his Song is *Forty One, Forty One*; impudently affronting His Majesty, who past an Act of Indemnity, Enacting that no man should reproach another with his being concerned in that unhappy War, and Graciously Pardon'd the Delinquents, (except such as were executed) yet Old *Towzer* the *Observer* (as Venemous an *Ass* as ever spit Poyson) *Heraclitus*, (that egregious Buffoon) *N. T.* that impudent *Son*, that cannot Write Sense, much less Truth, (but is beholden to the Mercenary Cabal of *Sham-Plotters*, and the Debauched Priests (Condemned for Treason in *Newgate*) with the rest of that profligate Tribe, to furnish him with Matter as well as Form for his Pamphlet) to Sham off their Trayterous Villanies, and to cover the Shame of that *Scarlet-Whore*, their Anti-Spiritual Mother, must Weekly fill City and Country with *Lying, Scurrilous, Licentious Pamphlets, Obscene Rime-Dogrel, Drunken Ballads, &c.* void of Sense, Poetry and Truth, &c. Which is one goodly Stratagem of a *Sham-Plotter*, who,

(Whilst he tickles the Fancy of his *Dam-ming* Tribe by the Scurrillity of his Drunken Wit) forgets the Dismal *IRISH MASSACRE, GUN-POWDER TREASON*, the present *HORRID* and *Damnable Plot, &c.* Which are (besides innumerable more *Romish Treasons*) so notorious to *KING, PARLIAMENT*, and *PEOPLE*, that the *Barking* of these *Curs*, the *Shams* of these *Villains*, the *Roaring, Damming* Oaths of *TORIES*, the Formidable *Menaces* from beyond the Water, nor the Damnable Intreagues of *Devil, Pope, Shamplotters, Tories, Masqueraders, &c.* shall never blind the *Eyes of England*, cut Protestants Throats, seize their Estates, Ruine their Religion, Destroy their King, &c. nor shall they in due time escape the Vengeance of the all seeing *GOD*, whose dreadful Scourge never fails to lash so Reprobate, so Malignant, so Diabolical a Generation as the *Sham-plotters* and their Abettors.

To Conclude, a *Shamplotter* is an Indigent *Rascal*, that would sell his Soul to the Devil for a Mornings Draught, or to a Whore for a Disease: Extracted out of a *Plibean Dunghil*; Educated in a *Popish Seminary*, (where he learnt the whole *Mass* of his Debauchery) or else one that by *Romish* Artifice was Decoyd by those *Imps of Hell* to do the Devils drudgery. A Creature hated by all good men, suspected and esteemed as a Devil Incarnate by his Associates and Employers; Infamous in the Superlative Degree, whose beginning is base, whose Life is abominable, whose End is the Pox or the Gallows, and whose Eternal State (for he seldom Repents) is commonly *Damnation*.

In a word no Dictionary affords a worse Epithet for him than *SHAM-PLOTTER, LORT, or MAN-CATCHER*.

F I N I S.

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